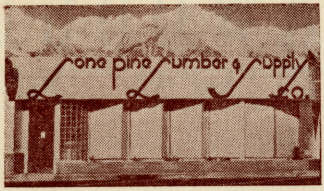
SAWDUST

Vol. I Nov. 1941 No. 11

A Monthly Publication Of General Interest Issued By The Lone Pine Lumber & Supply Co. For Complimentary Circulation Among Its Customers and Friends.



THE LUMBER YARD GANG

Rudie Henderson
J. W. McKinney
Ernest Hagen
S. J. "Pop" Raper
Edward Hjeltness
Jack Barnes
Tom Henderson
Clark O'Connell
Jesse Brown
Bob Henderson
Guy Martin
Geo. Reade, Jr.
Ernest Lasky
Chuck Harned
John Hale
Christine Erwin
Don Branson
Ben Archuleta

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People have quit asking what'd'ya know, because they don't care to listen.

—SD—

Don't believe 'em when they tell you that you'll be happier when you've had all your teeth out.

—SD—

Let the schools of journalism concentrate on producing writers who can compose a clear and concise instruction sheet on how to beat a slot machine.

—SD—

Why use a blotter for advertising unless you begin with a good piece of blotting paper?

—SD—

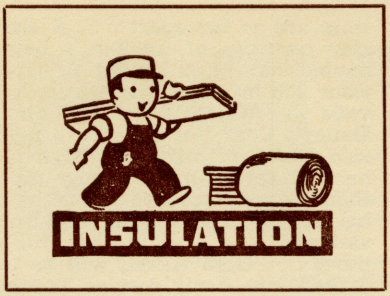
What we need in politics is more good men. Thousands of good men are in; and they need the others who are not in. More would come if they knew how much they are needed . . . The exquisite who says that politics is 'too dirty a business for a gentleman to meddle with' is like the woman who lived in the parlour and complained that the rest of her family kept the other rooms so dirty that she never went into them.

There are many thousands of young men belonging to what is for some reason called the 'best class,' who would like to be 'in politics' if they could begin high enough up—as ambassadors, for instance. That is, they would like the country to do something for them, though they wouldn't put it that way. A young man of this sort doesn't know how much he'd miss if his wishes were gratified.

It seems an odd thing to me that so many men feel they haven't any time for politics; can't put in even a little, trying to see how their cities (let alone their states and their country) are run. When we have a war, look at the millions of volunteers that lay down everything and answer the call of the country. Well, in politics, the country needs all the men who have any patriotism—not to be seeking office, but to watch and to understand what is going on. It doesn't take a great deal of time; you can attend to your business and do that much, too. When wrong things are going on and all the good men understand them, that is all that is needed. The wrong things stop going on.—**Booth Tarkington in "In the Arena."**

Wallpaper

Introducing our new secretary, Miss Christine Erwin, succeeding Mildred Jacks, who is now residing in Los Angeles where her husband is associated with the head office of Western Truck Lines . . . Gem of the Month: The Inyo Independent's editorial comment "that since Mr. Ickes is a chronic sufferer from dyspepsia he is probably the only man in America who has made a career out of a belly-ache" . . . Even a good old rock-ribbed Democrat like Bob Loundagin opines that our country is now an "alleged democracy" . . . Our yard wit says he couldn't go for aviation, for even when he kissed a tall blonde he got dizzy . . . Lone Pine folk may soon have the opportunity to enjoy the last laugh. The preliminary work for the formation of a Water District is now under way . . . Did you notice that "Sawdust's" cover artist Lawson Wood had a monkey cover on the November 8th "Colliers"? . . . We made a pocket billiards date with George Allen only an hour before he met his tragic death this month. Perhaps someday we can play that postponed game in the Great Beyond . . . Roy French, Dean of the School of Journalism at U.S.C., was greatly surprised on his last trip to Lone Pine to meet Jimmy the Red, whom he had always considered a fictitious character in these columns. For the benefit of others who may not know, Jimmy the Red is the four-year-old recipient of Western Union telegrams and a flattering amount of fanmail; the possessor of two older brothers whom he often possesses; a little patriot, good citizen and friend of mankind . . . It has been said that dogs in Siberia are the fastest in the world because the trees are so far apart . . . A sizeable quantity of lumber is being hauled out of our yard destined some 350 miles to Duckwater, Nevada . . . Walter Wimble of Mark Dailey's Coso Hot Springs, a married draftee rightfully believes that he will serve in the Army more than the remaining four months of his one year's service. He has been assigned to a post in the Philippines . . . Glen Allred will be inducted into Army service November 12th. In our opinion Lone Pine loses a most courteous and efficient waiter. Glenn is one of those rare types who brings along the spoon and crackers when he serves soup, and always keeps the butter dish and water glass refilled . . . Someone has said that the best ten years of a woman's life is that between 28 and 30 . . . In our opinion Josephs made a thoughtless error in washing their new store windows two days prior to Hallowe'en . . . Incidentally, the floral tributes at Josephs opening from Safeway, J. C. Penney Company, Alex Krater and other competitors was a genuine expression of our great American way of doing things . . . It will soon be two years since the Railroad Commission ordered the Lone Pine Water Company, for the second time, to install a suitable reservoir. Our faith in the Railroad Commission is shaken about as badly as that time when we first learned there wasn't a Santa Claus . . . Priority and preference ratings are beginning to pinch. What an effective weapon that could be in unscrupulous administrative hands for putting a guy out of business . . . The Philco Radio Logs included with this issue are with the compliments of Listenwalter & Gough, Philco distributors . . . Famous last words: "Put your gun away Mr. Blitz, I'm just trying to see if your daughter has a broken rib."



Confused Identity—

Two salesmen traveling together, had car trouble along a lone country road, and it was necessary to stay at the first farmhouse over night. Instead of finding the farmer they discovered he had died a year previous leaving a beautiful young widow, who welcomed them in and asked that they use the spare room upstairs.

The next morning she prepared a fine breakfast and they went on their way. Five months later they were discussing that particular night and one asked the other:

"Say, you didn't by chance sneak downstairs that night, did you?"

"Yeah," he replied, "I did."

"Well, you didn't by any chance tell her you were me, did you?"

"Yes, I did. I'm sorry."

"Well, don't be. I just got a letter from her attorney today. She died last week and left me her farm."

—The Core Driller.

It is not doing the thing we like to do, but liking the thing we have to do, that makes life blessed.—Goethe.

Behind the Bandsaw—

I see no evil,
I hear no evil,
I speak no evil,
Boy, am I a sissy!

—SD—

Said one cigarette to the other: "I hope I don't get lit tonight and make an ash of myself."

—SD—

She was only a grave-digger's daughter, but you ought to see her lower the beer.

—SD—

First Little Bird: "Who's that sitting on that bench below us?"

Second Little Bird: "Oh, that's the guy who fired buckshot at us the other day."

Third Little Bird: "Well, what are we waiting for?"

—SD—

Bouquets—

"We would like to compliment you on your very interesting and attractive house organ."—C. M. Marshall, Asst. Mgr., Aetna Insurance Co.

"Again congratulating you on this fine little paper . . ."—Phil Gough, Listenwalter & Gough.

"It takes a live organization to produce such a splendid advertising medium."—E. H. McGinnis, Gen. Mgr., Union Hardware & Metal Co.

"We enjoy it."—W. A. Reid, Panamint Springs.

"I sure enjoy it."—W. C. "Stub" Lydston, Independence, Calif.